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AMERICAN SOCIALIST

Watch For Great Announcement Of
MARCH LEAFLET
In Next Week's Issue!

VOL. III. No. 31.

CHICAGO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1917

25 CENTS FOR SIX MONTHS; 50 CENTS PER YEAR; \$1 PER YEAR OUTSIDE UNITED STATES

\$800,000,000 FOR WAR!

Congress is now planning to vote \$800,000,000 for war purposes!

Nearly a billion for slaughter in peace times! Eight dollars for every man, woman and child this year.

Who knows how much next year?

Eight dollars is a week's wages for many men and women, boys and girls who toil at hard labor.

For a family of six it means almost \$50 taken out of the pay envelope.

Hundreds of millions for powder, cannon, and tools for slaughter.

Protest! Protest now!

Protest to congress, to the President!

You throw away your most powerful weapon—your ballot—last November.

Don't throw away your protest now.

If you do, a billion dollars in wealth will be thrown away next year for war purposes, following the \$800,000,000 that is being wasted this year.

WILSON'S PEACE ADDRESS.

"What do American statesmen, including Woodrow Wilson, know about a just peace in Europe?" and "Wilson's utterances are among the noblest that have ever fallen from the lips of man," is the way Wilson's peace message to the U. S. senate was received by the two English Socialist dailies.

"President Wilson's utterances are among the noblest that have ever fallen from the lips of man," is the conclusion of The New York Call, which continues: "no slight praise, when it is remembered that he has had millions of competitors, mostly predecessors."

"With faultless ethics, he suggests peace to the belligerents; peace without victory on either side, that will restore all things as they were before the unpleasantness occurred. Then, to forever prevent the recurrence of the horrors of war, all the combatants, neutrals likewise, including the United States, shall engage in a solemn treaty to henceforth and forever not only respect the rights of small nationalities but to relinquish their hold on all such now held in political bondage—such as the Philippine islands, for example—and establish them forever as independent units in the great and loving family of nations. That is the start. When this is done, other and secondary things will, of course, follow."

"Then we shall have capitalism without imperialism, buying and selling without fraud, exploitation without awakening antagonism, the lion lying down with the lamb, swords beaten into plowshares, competition really bringing out the best that is in us, and unaccompanied by 'bloody noses and cracked crowns.' This is the Princeton philosopher's stone that will transform the blood-drenched world into pure gold. The Hour and the Man have arrived, and the Magic Word has been spoken!"

The Milwaukee Leader asks, "What do the American people or even American statesmen, including Woodrow Wilson, know about just peace in Europe? What do they know about the boundary lines that should be fixed to insure to small nationalities their rights? They are incapable—self-confessedly incapable—even of determining what would be a just and lasting settlement of the Mexican problem—which is at our very door. Yet they are asked to enter upon an adventure that demands that they shall settle the affairs of all mankind so righteously that none will dare challenge the justice of their decisions."

"With our type of politics, with our large population of European immigrants who yet think in terms of Europe, we can conceive of no undertaking that would be more disintegrating than for the United States to undertake to say what is righteous in Europe and bind itself to make perpetual the boundary lines and national aspirations of its peoples."

The New Times, the Socialist weekly of Minneapolis, Minn., says that, "An International League of Nations, in spite of all its drawbacks, 'be a great step in social progress. It would unquestionably hasten the social revolution of the proletariat. It would eliminate the confusing influence of national antagonisms and rivalries. It would be impossible to set them at each other's throats by pleas of national defense. It would be impossible to conceal the fact that the only enemy of the working class of the world is the capitalist class of the world.'"

"It was a masterful and epoch-making address," is the conclusion of The Cleveland Citizen, edited by Max S. Hayes. "It was a message to which every civilized, human being ought to subscribe ungrudgingly."

"President Wilson's clarion call for peace is timely, just and humane. It will have the unanimous backing of all people in America who do not fatten on war profits and who are above petty politics."

NORWAY HEARD FROM.

This week saw the arrival of a cablegram from Magnus Nilssen, secretary of the Norwegian Labor Party, stating that the party congress had agreed to the proposal of the American Socialist Party that an International Congress be held June 3, at The Hague. The Norwegian Socialists stated they would immediately urge the matter upon the International Socialist Bureau.

Hjalmar Branting, for the Swedish Socialist Labor Party, replies as follows:

"The Socialists of Scandinavia have for some time longed for an international conference. Yet we must avoid the attitude of the International Bureau on your proposal. It must be insisted on that all of the most important countries send representatives. The executive committee of the bureau ought to have the initiative in all international action."

In the meantime attention is turning somewhat to the attitude of European Socialists toward President Wilson's recent peace address to the United States senate. An echo of the favorable sentiment in the recent congress of the British Labor Party is found in resolutions adopted by the Socialist group in the French chamber of deputies. They are as follows:

The Socialist group of the French parliament notes with joy the admirable message of President Wilson to the American senate. His conception of peace founded on the free will of people and not on force of arms should be or become the chart of the civilized universe. Upon this affirmation of justice—the heritage of our French revolution and the tradition of our international congresses—President Wilson to-day confers by his address a new and immense prestige, and this at a moment when it is most necessary that the democrats of all nations should arise from every side against the ambitions of the imperialists and against their bloody and ruinous consequences.

"The group demands with insistence that the French government should clearly affirm its agreement with President Wilson's lofty words of reason. To prepare for and hasten the just end of the present war in the near future and to insure the future of a peaceful civilization, the group asks the representatives of all the belligerent nations to exercise pressure upon those who govern so that the noble experiment offered to humanity by the head of the great American republic may be essayed in good faith."

ACT AT ONCE!

Call For Anti-War Mass Meetings!

The Socialist Party National Executive Committee has voted by wire to send the following call to all state secretaries at once:

Arrange Mass Meetings and Demonstrations!

The National Executive Committee requests that you immediately urge upon all locals to arrange mass meetings and demonstrations against plunging our nation into war. The situation is critical! Act at once! Have the meetings wire their protest to the President, Senators and Congressmen and have them get all the publicity possible.

Preposterous For This Country To Go To War To Further Enrich Plutocracy

EDITOR'S NOTE:—The Emergency Committee of the Socialist Party issued the accompanying proclamation before President Wilson addressed congress Saturday afternoon, Feb. 3, breaking off relations with Germany. Following the break with Germany it was decided that the Socialist effort should be exerted in carrying out a general anti-war program thru protest meetings and demonstrations, to offset the jingo hysteria the rabid capitalistic press is carefully and purposely seeking to foster. It is preposterous for this country to go to war, says the Emergency Committee proclamation, which reads as follows:

PPLACE A complete embargo on all shipments and end the war!

This in brief is the demand made upon the President and Congress by the Socialist party in the war-threatening crisis now confronting the nation.

This statement embodying this demand was telegraphed, Saturday, Feb. 2, to President Wilson, Socialist Representative Meyer London, Rep. Claude Kitchin, democratic whip in the house; Rep. Champ Clark, speaker of the house of representatives; Rep. James R. Mann, republican whip in the house; Rep. Henry D. Flood, chairman of the house committee on foreign affairs; Senator William J. Stone, chairman of the senate committee on foreign affairs, and Senator Robert M. LaFollette.

The complete statement embodying the Socialist demand, as adopted by the Socialist Party emergency committee consisting of Victor L. Berger, of Milwaukee; John M. Work, of Chicago, and Adolph Germer, national secretary of the party, is as follows:

His Excellency Woodrow Wilson,
President of the United States,
Washington, D. C.

In behalf of the great multitude of Socialists in the United States, we, the National Emergency Committee of the Socialist Party, in order to preserve peace in our country, urge that a complete embargo be placed upon all shipments of whatsoever kind from the United States to any and all of the belligerent countries.

At the time when the war began, we made this identical demand. We urged that this country should "starve the war and feed America."

We took this position then, and we take it now, for the following reasons: First, because it is the only way in which our country can be made guiltless of participation in the bloodshed of the war. Second, because it is the only way in which this country can take a genuinely neutral position. Third, because it is the only way in which this country can keep its products at home where they are sorely needed in order to assist in reducing the cost of living.

From the beginning of the war the United States has not been neutral. It has obeyed the letter of international law, but has constantly and viciously violated its spirit by shipping munitions and other supplies to one side when it was prevented by that side from shipping them to the other.

Piercing thru technicalities and going to the heart of the matter, this is a flagrant violation of neutrality because it helps one side and injures the other. It is

also morally base, resulting as it does in the selfish plutocrats of our country enriching themselves at the expense of the warring nations and placing the guilt of murder at the door of the American people.

By this means the United States has helped to kill in cold blood millions of our fellow human beings. At the same time, the exportation of the substance of the country to the warring nations has increased the cost of living among the masses of our people and thereby increased their sufferings.

All three of these wrongs—the participation in bloodshed, the anti-neutrality, and the exportation of our substance—would be avoided by placing an embargo upon all shipments to all of the belligerents.

In addition, it would tend to bring the war to a close. We are sincerely neutral, and we heartily agree with you in the opinion that the interests of humanity demand that there "should be no victor in this war". Certainly it would be much more likely to so end if the United States should cease to help one side.

This plan would also preserve peace in our own country. It would be preposterous for this country to go to war for the right to permit its selfish rich to still further enrich themselves by acting as accessories in murder.

Mr. President, we most earnestly remind you that the warlike opinions expressed in the daily press of the country are dictated by these same wicked and selfish vultures.

We, the Socialist Party, constitute a large portion of the common masses of the people, whose voices are not heard in the metropolitan press, but whose hearts are right and who do not want war. It is the voice of the common people that you should hear before you act.

Follow the example of your illustrious predecessor, Thomas Jefferson, Mr. President, and have a complete embargo placed on all shipments. It will end the war.

VICTOR L. BERGER, ADOLPH GERMER,
JOHN M. WORK,
Emergency Committee, Socialist Party.

The National Executive Committee was urged by the Emergency Committee to recommend to all state secretaries to call on locals to arrange mass meetings "to protest against dastardly attempt of the capitalist class and its kept press to drive our country into war for the protection of certain capitalist profits."

"Let us agitate for complete embargo with the old slogan, 'Starve the War and Feed America!'"

Send The Circulation Of The American Socialist Over The 100,000 Mark

You want to help send the circulation of The American Socialist over the 100,000 mark!

It reached this mark during the recent national campaign.

But this was achieved only thru putting a large number of short time subs on our list, many of them for five weeks only.

Large numbers of these have now been dropped and we must secure other subs to take their places.

We want to make it possible for you to get up a big list of

subs right away and therefore want to make a special offer:

Twenty Weeks For Twenty Cents!

For a short time only!

Owing to the outrageous increase in the cost of paper we have been compelled to withdraw the 40 weeks for 25 cents offer. Our regular subscription rate is 25 cents for six months and 50 cents per year.

We can only maintain this rate by getting a large circulation—the larger the circulation the smaller the cost of getting out each paper.

Send the circulation of The American Socialist over the 100,000 mark!

Send in your list today.

Twenty weeks for 20 cents.

GREAT SENSATION IN BALTIMORE!

By ADOLPH GERMER.

A most interesting and "important" news item was printed on the front page of the Chicago Tribune the other day and carried in all the other big dailies. This affair was of such news value that it consumed space on the front page of one of America's biggest Dailies to the exclusion of the truth about the great struggles now being waged by the toiling masses everywhere thruout the land.

The Baltimore incident was considered of such great importance by the newspaper fraternity that it was given front page notice.

"What was this sensational affair?" you ask? Why, Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, formerly Alice Roosevelt, the daughter of the terrible "Teddy" Roosevelt, lost her cigaret case in the Belvedere Hotel, according to the Baltimore despatch. The poor waiters, clerks and bell hops were kept jumping for awhile, and, ah! the case was found after a search.

A few days before this we read of a gathering of the clan known under the euphonious title of the "National Civic Federation."

Great things happen when the Gents and Janes of this "National Physique Admiration Society" gather around the festive board in one of New York's exclusive hotels. There the men and women who represent millions of wealth and the "men of labor" mingle, and under the influence of the sparkling nectar that flows from the sunny hills of France they all join in that enchanting melody entitled, "The Identity of Interest between Capital and Labor."

A most interesting feature of the recent meeting, as told by the daily press, was how Miss Anne Morgan, the daughter of the late J. Pierpont Morgan and sister of the present J. Pierpont Morgan, Lord of Industrial Overlords, caused a cloud of smoke from her cigaret to roll up and envelope that shining circle.

The Capitalist Press in fulfillment of its conspiracy, feeds the people on slush and keeps them in the dark on the exploitation of labor.

Pick up any capitalist daily and you will find it filled with sensational stories about the war. You will further find it a chronicle of crime, interspersed with such slush as the loss of "Alice's cigaret case."

The tragic feature of the whole affair is that the great mass of people—the workers—support the capitalist press and help maintain it, to keep the truth from them and neglect their own publications. If you are interested in giving more publicity to the affairs of labor than to Alice Roosevelt-Longworth's and Anne Morgan's cigarets, you can best do so by extending the circulation of the Socialist press. You spend many a quarter and half dollar that brings you no return but enriches aristocracy. Why not send it to some Socialist paper to place some Henry Dubb on the mailing list so that some light of truth will penetrate his "think tank"? Don't you think it worth trying?

FARMERS FRIGHTEN PROFITEERS.

The victory of the nonpartisan leaguers in North Dakota doesn't seem to make the capitalist publications in that state feel any better. The Grand Forks, N. D., Herald laments as follows:

"The principles for which the Nonpartisan league members are contending are representative of the most extreme principles of Socialism. The Socialist program, as outlined by its spokesmen, demands the government ownership and operation of all the agencies of supply and distribution. It makes no exceptions. It includes government storage, government transportation, government manufacture, government farms, factories and railroads. Government shops and stores—government everything. The individual, no matter what his occupation, is to be the servant of the state, receiving from the state such compensation as the state desires to award him."

This is a little bit overdrawn—the capitalist press never did get anything straight. But the fact that the profiteers are half scared to death indicates that the farmers are going in the right direction.

PLEA FROM NEW JERSEY PRISON.

Patrick Quinlan, upon being released from the New Jersey state prison recently, made public the rotten conditions that prevail in this state bastille.

His exposures have been given added strength by a riot of 400 of the 1,200 convicts in the prison Jan. 29. Rioting is probably the only form of protest left to the unfortunate victims of capitalism put away behind prison bars. The convicts started their demonstration by refusing to go to work. They started yelling in concert and smashed furniture and all the windows they could reach.

This outburst was immediately quelled by the prison guards, heavily armed, and the ring leaders punished as usual.

It should have its effect, however, in forcing upon the officials of the state a realization of the conditions existing behind the prison walls of the commonwealth. If these evils are not remedied there will be more riots in the future. Humanity will continue protesting until its emancipation is achieved.

Where is the poet whose works will bring the fancy prices that are paid for The Lay of the Hen?

Sir Henry Morgan was a piker in looting America and helping England, compared to his descendant, J. Pierpont Morgan.

While profits of billions are being announced as proofs of prosperity, it should be remembered that the wages of twenty million workers have been effectively lowered thru the raising of the cost of living.

Bohemian Federation Adds \$50 To Organization Fund

The Bohemian Federation of the Socialist Party has just contributed \$50 to the \$50,000 Organization Fund of the Socialist Party.

How much have you or your local contributed?

Send all donations to the \$50,000 Organization Fund, Socialist Party, 803 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

County was a fair sample of most all the counties in the state. The newspapers gave the poorest and most scattering returns on election they have given in many years; they should have given the best. Washington county reported 166 votes for Benson, while the other 451 were not counted or lost in the general report.

We should have had at least six or seven hundred votes in this county and twenty thousand in the state.

The democratic party surely rules with a vengeance.—Sam Buseler, Nat'l Com., Ark.

Send all orders to:
THE AMERICAN SOCIALIST,
803 W. Madison St.,
Chicago, Ill.

OFFERS REAL REMEDY.
A real solution of the high cost of living problem was offered in the New York Assembly by Assemblyman Joseph A. Whitehorn, the newly elected Socialist representative. His bill empowers cities to not only acquire and operate community stores but to conduct, in conjunction with them, municipal bakeries, ice plants, coal and wood yards and cold storage plants.

Have you responded to the call issued by the National Executive Committee for a \$50,000 Organizational Fund? If not, get busy!

much and that they could be paid
enclosing a couple of quarters in
enclosed coin card, or else by com
over to the next meeting which
held at such and such a time and
which so fine a program was pre
sented. The response was fine. We
not get it all in but there were a
of new faces at the next meet

FINNS HOLD CONVENTION.
One hundred delegates are meeting at Superior, Wis., in the annual convention of the middle west district of the Finnish Federation of the Socialist Party. The stockholders of Työmies are the Finnish Socialist daily, are meeting at the same time.

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Crimes Of Courts

NOTE.—This article was originally written by Theodore Debs for the Terre Haute, Ind., Star, but it was refused space in that publication. We take great pleasure in giving it space in The American Socialist. The Terre Haute Star, a corporation monopolized, while indulging in pious homilies about the goodness of the good, a la Roosevelt, does not dare unmoor its editor long enough to open its columns to a truthful indictment of the rotten system of which it is the equally rotten organ. Here is the article:

Editor Star:—Let me commend your timely editorial on "Justice" which appeared in the Star of the 21st inst. The brutal treatment inflicted upon the unfortunate inmates of the state prison of New Jersey by petty, grafting officials, is almost unbelievable, and for sheer barbarity nothing worse has been charged against the underground prison pens of Siberia.

But monstrous as these crimes are they are not to be compared to the infamy of the courts which furnish these foul prisons with their innocent victims.

Scores New Jersey Court.

The court of New Jersey sentenced Pat Quinlan, whose exposure inspired your editorial, is not a court at all, but a judicial house of assination. Justice is raped there and all the ends of justice prostituted, and this has been charged by some of the leading papers in the eastern states. The New York Globe for instance, after a special and thorough investigation of its own, proved beyond doubt that Pat Quinlan was absolutely innocent and yet a New Jersey court, sustained by the supreme court, sent him to prison for seven years. What were the facts? Let me state them in a nutshell: The silk workers are on strike in Paterson. Pat Quinlan, one of the best of men in point of moral integrity, and I speak from personal knowledge of the man, was their trusted leader. The silk barons could not break the strike without getting rid of Quinlan. What did they do? They had a few of their private sleuths, moral degenerates, swear that in a speech alleged to have been made by him Quinlan advocated destruction and murder. The lie was concocted by the silk barons and sworn to by their hirelings. More than twenty reputable persons testified that Quinlan was not even in the hall at the time the speech was alleged to have been made. The New York Globe in its investigation proved conclusively that Quinlan never made the speech imputed to him, that he was absolutely innocent, and yet so abjectly subservient was the court that it obeyed the behest of the manufacturers and thru a picked and packed jury sentenced Quinlan to the state prison for seven years.

When the case was appealed to the higher court it was found that one of its members, the one who dominated the court, was intimately associated with the manufacturers in a business way.

This rape of justice was so flagrant and the proceedings so rank that even the New York papers, loth as they are to take labor's side in a strike, felt called upon to denounce the court for branding an innocent man with crime and sentencing him to a felon's cell.

Railroaded To Prison.
There is not a man in New Jersey who knows the facts but knows that Pat Quinlan was railroaded to prison in that state just as innocent victims are in Russia. In this respect there is no difference between New Jersey and Siberia.

The Reverend John Haynes Holmes, the famous New York minister and author who personally investigated the Quinlan case, certified his absolute innocence and appealed to the people in the name of God and justice to secure Quinlan's liberation, and this was one of the reasons why the prison door opened for Quinlan before the expiration of his term.

If the truth were known, there are hundreds of Quinlans festering in our prisons, most of which breed crime instead of correcting it.

The crimes of society against so-called criminals cry to heaven. Let us hope that the Quinlan case may serve to open the eyes of the people and result in turning the searchlight into every prison cell in the nation.—Theodore Debs.

And Finally—Nationalization

"The Kroger Grocery and Baking Company, of Cincinnati, operating a system of nearly 300 retail groceries in Cincinnati, Dayton and other cities, has entered Detroit by the purchase of the Schneider Bros. string of sixteen groceries, and the wholesale grocery business of the Wayne Company. The Kroger Company will add to the line of stores in Detroit."—Printers' Ink.

This is an excellent example of the way capitalism is organizing the provision business of the country, preparatory to its being taken over by the people for their own benefit, instead of for the profit of a few.

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20 cents each in dozen lots;
50 or more—18 cents each.

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THE CALL OF THE WILD

By JACK LONDON.
Copyright By Jack London.

(Continued from last week.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—The gold rush for Alaska is on. Dogs are needed to haul the sleds over the northern snow. Buck, a king among dogs, is sent from his home in the Santa Clara Valley, in California, shipped to Seattle, beaten into submission and sold to Perault, agent for the Canadian government. Then he is taken aboard a steamer bound for the Northland. As the boat arrives at the coast, he is brought on deck and experiences his first snow. He is soon put ashore and to work. The other dogs, however, he soon learns, are not of his kind. He is suddenly jerked from the heart of civilization into the heart of things primordial. Life becomes a struggle for life and mastery. The dominant primordial beast gradually asserts itself in Buck and he makes his first kill in a death struggle with Spitz, the leader of the team. Now go on with the story.

IV.

Who Has Won To Mastership.

"E H? Wot I say? I spit true when I say dat Buck two devils."

This was Francois's speech next morning when he discovered Spitz missing and Buck covered with wounds. He drew him to the fire and by its light pointed out his wounds.

"Dat Spitz fight lak hell," said Perault, as he surveyed the gaping rips and cuts.

"An' dat Buck fight lak two hells," was Francois's answer. "An' now we make good time. No more Spitz, no more trouble, sure."

While Perault packed the camp outfit and loaded the sled, the dog-driver proceeded to harness the dogs. Buck trotted up to the place Spitz would have occupied as leader; but Francois, not noticing him, brought Sol-leks to the coveted position. In his judgment, Sol-leks was the best lead-dog left. Buck sprang upon Sol-leks in a fury, driving him back and sending him to the snow.

"H? eh?" Francois cried, slapping his thighs gleefully. "Look at dat Buck. Heom koel dat Spitz, heom tuck to take de job."

"Go 'way, Chook!" he cried, but Buck refused to budge.

He took Buck by the scruff of the neck, and tho the dog growled threateningly, dragged him to one side and replaced Sol-leks. The old dog did not like it, and showed plainly that he was afraid of Buck. Francois was obstinate, but when he turned his back Buck again displaced Sol-leks, who was not at all unwilling to go.

Francois was angry. "Now, by Gar, I feex you!" he cried, coming back with a heavy club in his hand.

Buck remembered the man in the red sweater, and retreated slowly; nor did he attempt to charge in when Sol-leks was once more brought forward. But he circled just beyond the range of the club, snarling with bitterness and rage; and while he circled he watched the club so as to dodge it if thrown by Francois, for he was become wise in the way of clubs.

Demands The Leadership.
The driver went about his work, and he called to Buck when he was ready to put him in his old place in front of Dave. Francois followed him up, whereupon he again retreated. After some time of this, Francois threw down the club, thinking that Buck was in revolt. He wanted, not to escape a clubbing, but to have the leadership. It was his by right. He had earned it, and he would not be content with less.

Perault took a hand. Between them they ran him about for the better part of an hour. They threw clubs at him. He dodged. They cursed him, and his fathers and mothers before him, and all his seed to come after him down to the remotest generation, and every hair on his body and drop of blood in his veins; and he answered each with snarl and kept out of their reach. He did not try to run away, but retreated around and around the camp, advertising plainly that when his desire was met, he would come in and be good.

Francois sat down and scratched his head. Perault looked at his watch and swore. Time was flying, and they should have been on the trail an hour gone. Francois scratched his head again. He shook it and grinned sheepishly at the courier, who shrugged his shoulders in sign that they were beaten. Then Francois went up to where Sol-leks stood and called to Buck. Buck laughed, as dogs laugh, yet kept his distance. Francois unfettered Sol-leks's traces and put him back in his old place. The team stood harnessed to the sled in an unbroken line, ready for the trail. There was no place for Buck save at the front. Once more Francois called, and once more Buck laughed and kept away.

"Trow down de club," Perault commanded.

Francois complied, whereupon Buck trotted in, laughing triumphantly, and swung around into position at the head of the team. His traces were fastened, the sled broken out, and with both men running they dashed out on to the river trail.

Highly as the dog-driver had forevalued Buck, with his two devils, he found, while the day was yet young, that he had undervalued. At a bound Buck took up the duties of leadership, and where judgment was required, and quick thinking and quick acting, he showed himself the superior even

of Spitz, of whom Francois had never seen an equal.

Gives Law To His Mates.
But it was in giving the law and making his mates live up to it, that Buck excelled. Dave and Sol-leks did not mind the change in leadership. It was none of their business. Their business was to toil, and toil mightily, in the traces. So long as they were not interfered with, they did not care what happened. Billee, the good-natured, could lead for all they cared, so long as he kept order. The rest of the team, however, had grown unruly during the last days of Spitz, and their surprise was great now that Buck proceeded to lick them into shape.

Pike, who pulled at Buck's heels, and who never put an ounce more of his weight against the breast-band than he was compelled to do, was swiftly and repeatedly shaken for loafing; and ere the first day was done he was pulling more than ever before in his life. The first night in camp, Joe, the sour one, was punished roundly—a thing that Spitz had never succeeded in doing. Buck simply smothered him by virtue of superior weight, and cut him up till he ceased snapping and began to whine for mercy.

The general tone of the team picked up immediately. It recovered its old-time solidarity, and once more the dogs leaped as one dog in the traces. At the Rink Rapids two native huskies, Teek and Koon, were added; and the celerity with which Buck broke them in took away Francois's breath.

"Neveaire such a dog as dat Buck!" he cried. "No, neveaire! Heem worth one t'ousan' dollar, by Gar! Eh? Wot you say, Perault?"

And Perault nodded. He was ahead of the record then, and gaining day by day. The trail was in excellent condition, well packed and hard, and there was no new-fallen snow with which to contend. It was not too cold. The temperature dropped to fifty below zero and remained there the whole trip. The men rode and ran by turn, and the dogs were kept on the jump, with but infrequent stoppages.

The Thirty Mile River was comparatively coated with ice, and they covered in one day going out what had taken them ten days coming in. In one run they made a sixty-mile dash from the foot of Lake Le Barge to the White Horse Rapids. Across Marsh, Tagish, and Bennett (seventy miles of lakes), they flew so fast that the man whose turn it was to run towed behind the sled at the end of a rope. And on the last night of the second week they topped White Pass and dropped down the sea slope with the lights of Skagway and of the shipping at their feet.

Make 40 Miles Each Day.
It was a record run. Each day for fourteen days they had averaged forty miles. For three days Perault and Francois threw chests up and down the main street of Skagway and were deluged with invitations to drink, while the team was the constant centre of a worshipful crowd of dog-busters and mushers. Then three or four western bad men aspired to clean out the town, were riddled like pepperboxes for their pains, and public interest turned to other idols. Next came official orders. Francois called Buck to him, showed his arms around him, wept over him. And that was the last of Francois and Perault. Like other men, they passed out of Buck's life for good.

A Scotch half-breed took charge of him and his mates, and in company with a dozen other dog-teams he started back over the weary trail to Dawson. It was no light running now, nor record time, but heavy to each day, with the heavy load behind; for this was the mail train, carrying word from the world to the men who sought gold under the shadow of the Pole.

Buck did not like it, but he bore up well to the work, taking pride in it after the manner of Dave and Sol-leks, and seeing that his mates, whether they prided in it or not, did their fair share. It was a monotonous life, operating with machine-like regularity. One day was very like another. At certain times early in the morning the cout turned out, fires were built, and breakfast was eaten. Then while some broke camp, others harnessed the dogs, and they were under way an hour or so before the darkness fell which gave warning of dawn. At night, camp was made. Some pitched the flies, others cut firewood and pine boughs for the beds, and still others carried water or ice for the cooks. Also, the dogs were fed. To them, this was the one feature of the day, tho it was good to loaf around after the fish was eaten, for an hour or so with the other dogs, of which there were fivescore and odd. There were fierce fights among them, but three battles with the fiercest brought Buck to mastery, so that when he bristled and showed his teeth they got out of his way.

Best of all, perhaps, he loved to lie near the fire, hind legs stretched out, fore legs stretched out in front, hind raised, and eyes blinking dreamily at the flames. Some times he thought of Judge Miller's big house in the sun-kissed Santa Clara Valley, and of the cement swimming-tank, and Ysabel, the Mexican hairless, and Toots, the Japanese pug; but oftener he remembered the man in the red sweater; the death of Curley, the great fight with Spitz, and the good things he had eaten or would like to eat. He was not homesick. The Sunland was very dim and distant; and such memory had no power over him. Far more potent were the memories of his her-

edity that gave them he had never seen before a seeming familiarity; the instincts (which were but the memories of his ancestors become habits) which had lapsed in later days, and still later, in him, quickened and became alive again.

Dreams Of Other Fires.
Sometimes as he crouched there, blinking dreamily at the flames, it seemed that the flames were of another fire, and that as he crouched by this other fire he saw another and different man from the half-breed cook before him. This other man was shorter of leg and longer of arm, with muscles that were stringy and knotty rather than rounded and swelling. The hair of this man was long and matted, and his head slanted back under it from the eyes. He uttered strange sounds, and seemed very much afraid of the darkness, into which he peered continually, clutching in his hand, which hung midway between knee and foot, a stick with a heavy stone made fast to the end. He was all but naked, a ragged and fire-scorched skin hanging part way down his back, but on his body there was much hair. In some places, across the chest and shoulders and down the outside of the arms, the hair was matted into almost thick tufts. He did not stand erect, but with trunk inclined forward from the hips, on legs that bent at the knees. About his body there was a peculiar springiness, or resiliency, almost catlike, and a quick alertness as of one who lived in perpetual fear of things seen and unseen.

At other times this hairy man squatted by the fire with head between his legs and slept. On such occasions his elbows were on his knees, his hands clasped above his head as tho to shed rain from the hairy arms. And beyond that fire, in the circling darkness, Buck could see many gleaming coals, two by two, always two by two, which he knew to be the eyes of great beasts of prey. And he could hear the crashing of their bodies thru the undergrowth, and the noises they made in the night. And dreaming there by the Yukon bank, with lazy eyes blinking at the fire, these sounds and sights of another world would make the hair to rise along his back and stand on end across his shoulders and up his neck, till he whimpered low and suppressed, or growled softly, and the half-breed cook shouted at him, "ey, you Buck, wake up!" Whereupon the other world would vanish and the real world come into his eyes, and he would get up and yawn and stretch as tho he had been asleep.

It was a hard trip, with the mail behind them, and the heavy work made them short of breath. They were short of weight and in poor condition when they were made Dawson, and should have had a ten days' or a week's rest at least.

But in two days' time they dropped down the Yukon bank from the Baracks, loaded with letters for the outside. The dogs were tired, the drivers grumbling, and to make matters worse, it snowed every day. This meant a soft trail, greater friction on the runners, and heavier pulling for the dogs; yet the drivers were fair thru it all, and did their best for the animals.

Each night the dogs were attended to first. They ate before the drivers ate, and no man sought his sleeping-rope till he had seen to the feet of the dogs he drove. Still, their strength went down. Since the beginning of the winter they had travelled eighteen hundred miles, dragging sleds the whole weary distance; and eighteen hundred miles will tell upon life of the toughest. Buck stood it, keeping his mates up to their work and maintaining discipline, tho he too was very tired. Billee, who had whimpered regularly in his sleep each night. Joe was sorer than ever, and Sol-leks was unapproachable, blind side or other side.

Suffering Is Mystery.
But it was Dave who suffered most of all. Something had gone wrong with him. He became more morose and irritable, and when camp was pitched at once made his nest, where his driver fed him. Once out of the harness and down, he did not get on his feet again till harness-up time in the morning. Sometimes, in the traces, when jerked by a sudden stoppage of the sled, or by straining to start it, he would cry out with pain. The driver exasperated him, but could find nothing wrong. All the driver could do was to keep him in his case. They talked it over at meal-time, and over their last pipes before going to bed, and one night they held a consultation. He was brought from his nest to the fire and was pressed and prodded till he cried out many times. Something was wrong inside, but they could locate no broken bones, could not make it out.

By the time Cassiar Bar was reached, he was so weak that he was falling repeatedly in the traces. The Scotch half-breed called a halt and took him out of the team, making the next dog, Sol-leks, fast to the sled. Sick as he was, Dave resented being taken out, grunting and growling while the traces were unfettered, and whimpering broken-heartedly when he saw Sol-leks in the position he had held and served so long. For the pride of trace and trail was his, and sick and to death, he could not bear that another dog should do his work.

When the sled started, he floundered in the soft snow alongside the beaten trail, attacking Sol-leks with his teeth, rushing against him and trying to thrust him off into the soft snow on the other side, striving to leap inside his traces and get between him and the sled, and all the while whining and yelping and crying with grief and pain. The half-breed tried to drive him away with his whip, but he paid no heed to the stinging lash, and the man had not the heart to strike harder. Dave refused to run quietly on the trail behind the sled, where the going was easy, but continued to flounder alongside in the soft snow, where the going was most difficult, till he exhausted. Then he fell, and lay where he fell, howling lugubriously as the long train of sleds churned by.

With the last remnant of his strength he managed to stagger after the sled, and when he floundered past the sleds to his own, where he stood all

Life Worth \$10 per.

A human life is worth \$10. So holds the law, which has imposed a fine of \$100 on the assistant foreman of a mine at Barackville, W. Va., who had been found responsible for the death of ten miners in a mine explosion on October 19th of last year. The verdict has just been handed down.

Thoro probing disclosed that the accident claimed such heavy toll because the workers had been permitted to enter a gaseous mine that had not been inspected on that morning, as required.

And the man held guilty of criminal carelessness in causing the death of ten men was fined by a court of justice just \$100.

onside Sol-leks. His driver lingered a moment to get a light for his pipe from the man behind. Then he returned and started his dogs. They swung out on the trail with remarkable lack of exertion, turned their heads un- easily, and stopped in surprise. The driver was surprised, too; the sled had not moved. He called his comrades to witness the sight. Dave had bitten thru both of Sol-leks's traces, and was standing directly in front of the sled in his proper place.

He pleaded with his eyes to remain there. The driver was perplexed. His comrades talked of how a dog could break its heart thru being denied the work that killed it, and recalled instances they had known, where dogs, too old for the toil, or injured, had died because they were cut out of the traces. Also, they held it a mercy, since Dave was to die anyway, that he should die in the traces, hearteasy and content. So he was harnessed in again, and proudly he pulled as of old, the more than once he cried out voluntarily from the bite of his inward hurt. Several times he fell down and was dragged in the traces, and once the sled ran upon him so that he limped thereafter in one of his hind legs.

Every Dog Knew.

But he held out till camp was reached, when his driver made a place for him by the fire. Morning found him too weak to travel. At harness-up time he tried to crawl to his driver. By convulsive efforts he got on his feet, staggered, and fell. Then he wormed his way forward slowly toward where the harnesses were being put on his mates. He would advance his fore legs and drag up his body with a sort of hitching movement, when he would advance his fore legs and hitch ahead again for a few more inches. His strength left him, and the last his mates saw of him he lay gasping in the snow and yearning toward them. But they could hear him mournfully howling till they passed out of sight behind a belt of river trees.

Here the train was halted. The Scotch half-breed slowly retraced his steps to the camp they had left. The men ceased talking. A revolver-shot rang out. The man came back hurriedly. The whips snapped, the bells tinkled merrily, the sleds churned along the trail; but Buck knew, and every dog knew, what had taken place behind the belt of river trees.

(To be continued.)

BILLION DOLLAR RAILROAD

PLOT WILL BE EXPOSED

A determined drive is to be made by national organizations to prevent a continuance of one of the biggest burdens that the railroads of the country are now putting on the public. This is to value their land holdings at the billions of dollars more than their investment in the land. A national committee on Valuation of Railroads, with John J. Hopper, Register of New York County, has been formed and is now actively at work to secure a proper and fair capitalization of railroads and to hold the land values at what they are actually worth to the railroads. This is in line with a resolution adopted by the National Grange, urging that the original cost of land should be made the basis for determining rates charged by the railroads. The effort will be to have Congress and the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Newlands Senate Committee establish the principle, that railroads have no right to charge shippers and the public with rates based on the unearned increases in the value of lands.

The railroads have received from the country more than 243,000 square miles of land as bounties. That is more than the total area of Texas. In the estimates of their own property, they have added to the original value of these gifts the increase in the value which has been brought about thru the increase in population, in settling the country and the growth of great cities and towns around their terminals, etc. They have added to their own investment in land the same increase in value brought about thru no effort of their own but resulting from increase in population, etc.

WELCOME TENDENCY.

Your account of what I said on the question of industrial unionism in the United States is not quite correct. The same error appears in the New York Call from which you quote.

Your report would indicate that I regard the organization of industrial unions as Utopian. What I said was that the conception that the industrial union should serve as the "structure" of the new society within the "shell" of the old is Utopian, and reminds one of the early period of Union Socialism when enthusiasts drew models and blue prints of a New Jerusalem and presented them to a skeptical world. The stenographic record will show that this is the substance of what I said. I, of course regard industrialism as the tendency in union organization and a tendency that is to be welcomed.—JAMES ONEAL.

An Eastern daily notes the fact that the 45 Hughes electors in New York State control a total of \$100,000,000, or an average of more than \$2,000,000 apiece. These gents were undoubtedly safe and sane representatives to express the will of the people "whose interests are identical."

IN THE WORLD OF LABOR.

By Max S. Hayes.

THE ATTENTION of organized labor in Connecticut has been called to a report of the Russell Sage Foundation concerning the night employment of women in Bridgeport munitions factories. The report points out that the law forbidding the employment of women after 10 o'clock at night is being circumvented by working the women until 10 o'clock, and then having them resume work at midnight and continue until 7 o'clock the next morning. Labor supports when it causes laws to be passed prohibiting working of women and minors in manufacturing establishments more than 10 hours a day and after 10 p. m. that it had settled the whole matter, but now the mistake is evident. At the present session of the General Assembly the laborites will urge the passage of a measure to forbid the employment of women and minors in manufacturing after 10 p. m. and before 7 a. m. It will be specific enough, it is hoped, so that no subterfuge can be found.

THE HORRORS of peace are nearly as pronounced as the horrors of war. One death every three hours. That at present is the industrial toll of Pennsylvania, and unless employers install safety devices, organize safety departments, and generally look better after the interests of the workers, this terrible slaughter will not abate. Those were the statements made by Dr. John Price Jackson, State Commissioner of Labor, of Pennsylvania. He was commenting on the appalling loss of life in the industries of the State in the past year. Figures just made public show 251,488 persons were killed or maimed last year in industrial establishments in that State. The total deaths for the year are 2,587, an average of eight a day, excluding holidays and Sundays. Jackson suggests that the workers form safety committees in shops, where the unions have none, and that this committee aid in getting proper safety provisions.

THE STRUGGLE between the forces of reaction and organized labor in New York over the issue of establishing a State Constabulary, modeled after the Pennsylvania Cossacks, is once more approaching a crisis. Thomas D. Fitzgerald, legislative agent of the State Federation of Labor, announces that he has polled the membership of the Legislature and finds that party lines have been sharply drawn. All the Democrats and the two Socialists are opposed to the bill to create the Cossack band, while the Republicans seem to be solidly lined up for the measure, which is also favored by Governor Whitman and other bosses. Every nerve will be strained to break thru the Republican stone wall. The g. o. p. has a majority in both branches of the Legislature and unless a breach can be created the Cossack bill will pass, it is feared.

A CONTRACT for \$2,094,000 to build three submarines was taken from the California Shipbuilding Co., at Long Beach, Cal., by Washington officials a few days ago. The company has been attempting to operate with strikebreakers for about eight months, but has had a bit of hard luck. After much experimenting with jack-of-all-trades and incompetents of every shade, a submarine was launched a couple of weeks ago and it promptly submerged and remained down for keeps, being stuck in the mud. The union men sat on the shore and watched the show and informed Uncle Sam that the P-4 that sank in Honolulu harbor about two years ago and drowned the crew like rats in a trap had also been constructed by bunglers and misfits. So the contract was annulled before another catastrophe could occur.

THE OLD fight between the trade unionists and the State Constabulary is before the Pennsylvania Legislature again. Captain Groome, commander of the "Black Cossacks," says his force is inadequate to meet all the calls made upon them to help break strikes, of course, and he appeals for an increase of 280 men to bring the total up to 488. Groome also insists that the State Constabulary be clothed with all the powers of police departments in first class cities. James Maurer, president of the State Federation of Labor and the lone Socialist member of the Legislature, who has defeated Groome's ambitions in the past two or three sessions, is still on the job and announces that he will continue his fight. But, as the Presidential election is over, it is not so certain that he will win another victory.

URGE SUFFRAGE FOR WOMEN.

The legislative committee of the Omaha Socialist party is seeking to bring influence to bear upon representatives in both houses of congress to pledge their aid in trying to secure a "federal woman's suffrage" amendment for ratification by the legislatures of the several states. In a resolution the committee asserts that "the unfranchised women of the United States are as intelligent and law abiding and patriotic as any women in the world and as a result should be given equal suffrage, especially when the women of Australia, New Zealand and a large part of Canada now vote on equal terms with the men."

It is significant that just at a time when the militarists of this country are loudly boasting the so-called Argentine system of universal training a cablegram arrives from Buenos Aires stating that a great public demonstration had occurred in that city in which the workers demanded the repeal of the militaristic laws. The demonstration which was organized by the Socialists and union organizations, was "ignored" by the authorities, "because, of course, said authorities don't, as a rule, do any fighting (except with their military forces) when war comes and the workers do it all.

A Confession Of Faith

By EDMUND R. BRUMBAUGH.

Yes, the Socialist vote suffered a serious slump. Yes, mistakes were made in the last campaign. Yes, there is room for improvement in the tactics and literature and organization of the party.

Well, what of it?

Shall we tear our hair? Shall we conclude that there is no longer any hope for the liberty of Labor? Shall we sit in sackcloth and ashes, dimly prophesying the death of the Socialist movement? Some have practically done these things. More than one seemingly dauntless struggler in the class conflict shows signs right now of "throwing up the sponge." Such a course, however, is suicidal. It is calculated to cause the very evils from which it is supposed to proceed. Nothing but heated, illogical impulse is responsible for it. A little careful thought is sufficient to dissipate it. The vote decreased—but that is no sign that it will not increase in the future.

Mistakes were made—but they may be corrected.

There is room for improvement—but this is only evidence that we are all human. The Socialist Party is OUR party, and its failings are our failings.

The Socialists who are trying to sing the swan song of industrial liberty had better leave the movement, and the quicker the better. The comrades who substitute a wail of foe for a shout of triumph or a call to continued service are stumbling blocks, no matter how worthy a part they have played in the past. Progress is not found by denying what progress has already been made. The flowers of nature will not bloom in darkness, and the flowers of human accomplishment are stunted and wither and die without bright sunlight—high hopes, dauntless purposes, joyful anticipation. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he"—and as those in a movement think concerning that movement, so will they promote its advance or decrease its decline.

I am one of thousands who will not tolerate the thought of disaster in the Socialist movement.

We believe that great and good work and realization lie in store for Labor.

We believe that every difficulty, however large it looms up now, will in time be wholly removed from existence and memory.

We believe that great-souled, strong-minded sons and daughters of the working class are in the world in abundance, supporting and shaping the Socialist movement and filling its future full of glory.

Who will join in this inspiring, achieving, conquering confession of faith?

Scholarship Contest News

Name	Address	Points
M. K. Friedman, Kokomo, Ind.		545
Mae Garber, Greenburg, Pa.		50
Miss E. W., Holyoke, Mass.		20
P. E. Tomlinson, Winona, Minn.		20
John C. Knowlton, Mason City, Ia.		12
R. H. Lane, Aurora, N. C.		8
Geo. Tigura, Knoxville, Tenn.		2
Robert H. Wilson, Brattleboro		
Wm. Heino, Wilkeson, Wash.		
J. N. Carter, Omaha, Nebr.		
L. M. Osbourne, Alliance, O.		
Max Cervis, Irwin, Pa.		
Miss Selma E. Kajander, Butte, Mont.		
Harold F. D. A. Jackson, Los Angeles, Cal.		
Ernest Leo, Seattle, Wash.		
Marion L. Lehman, N. Glendale, Cal.		
Chas. Delinsek, Mullan, Idaho.		
Conrad L. Friberg, Chicago, Ill.		
B. J. S., Gary, Ind.		
Maurice Levine, St. Paul, Minn.		
Ida Binstock, Hartford, Conn.		
L. Van den Bergh, Minneapolis, Minn.		
Mrs. H. J. Grigsby, Great Falls, Mont.		
Abraham H. Fein, Bronx, N. Y. City, N. Y.		
Mrs. C. Sachse, Youngstown, O.		
Tony Morrello, Youngstown, O.		
I. V. Yinet, Kenosha, Wis.		